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PRESENT CONDITION OF THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

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[Concluded from the December No.]

WE now come to Christianity, and in doing so, we emerge from regions of darkness and the shadow of death, and dwell on the condition of those nations which are most prosperous, powerful, civilized and refined, nations which have long possessed a perfect religion, and which owe to that religion all that they are, socially, morally and intellectually. In Christendom however, though we see much for which we ought to thank God when we contrast it with the rest of the world, yet we are compelled to confess that the Gospel, even there, has only begun its work. The light still shines in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.

In the view which we are to take of it, the Christian church universal divides itself into the Roman and Greek communions, and Protestantism. There was an external union in the church universal, until the building of Constantinople as the rival of Rome, and the establishment of [the eastern empire. Constantinople, becoming the metropolis of a new empire, naturally became the metropolis of a new church; and it was this circumstance undoubtedly, and not any irreconcilable differences of faith or practice, which led to the schism between the Greek and Roman churches. Power and territory were for some time nearly equally divided between them, till the conquests of the Saracens and Turks stripped the see of Constantinople of its fairest provinces. Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor and Greece have long been lost,

not only to the Greek church, but in a great measure to Christianity itself. The Greek church would have sunk into utter insignificance, had it not been for the new acquisition she made in the wide dominions of the Russian empire. Here she has won a territory almost as large as the rest of Europe.

Viewed with the eye of a Protestant, there is much in the creed, the liturgy, and the usages of this church which seems superstitious and superfluous. But those who have travelled in the countries where it is the prevailing religion, represent the influence which it exerts upon the people to be benignant and salutary. They are a simple, rural population, for the most part, whose faith is not shocked nor staggered by the legends which have been added to the few plain facts of the Christian history, nor by the dogmas which have been mingled with the pure faith of the Gospel. The Russian peasant keeps the image of the virgin in the innermost recess of his cabin ; he observes certain fasts which belong to Judaism rather than Christianity ; he professes a creed, which it is altogether impossible that he should understand, yet his faith in the great doctrines of the Bible is unwavering, and in his daily life he is honest, laborious, patient, contented, cheerful ; and however imperfect his intellectual conceptions, it is to be hoped that he has that purity of heart, without which no man shall see God.

Nor is there much hope that his mind will become more enlightened, until his political condition is improved. Civil liberty seems indispensable to the full emancipation of the mind from the bondage of superstition. When this will take place, particularly in those vast countries which border on the despotsisms of Asia, it seems vain to conjecture.

The Roman church presents itself, at the present moment, in a most anomalous condition, — vigorous in the extremities, but paralytic at the heart. Three hundred years ago, the pope was the most powerful personage in Europe. Now, the very province in which he reigns as a temporal prince, is in the last stage of decay. He, who once drew into his treasury the riches of kingdoms, now, it is said, lives in a mortgaged palace, and feels happy when he can prevent his public debt from increasing upon him at the rate of less than a million in a year ; and did not his dominions contain the greatest curiosities in the world, and draw strangers from every part of the globe, not a few of his subjects would every year be reduced to a state of starvation.

If the truth must be spoken, in those countries where that religion reigns alone, humanity withers under the influence of the Catholic faith and institutions. Their innumerable holidays are enough to ruin the industry of any nation. Their monasteries and convents, besides being the nurseries of superstition, train up a class of persons who are next to

useless in the body politic, while they are drawing their own support from the laboring classes in one shape or another. The very fact of withholding the Bible from the common people, is almost equivalent to shutting out from them the light of heaven, or preventing them from breathing the common air. There is no teaching like that of the Saviour in his own words. No gorgeous temples, nor splendid processions, nor exquisite painting, can affect the mind like the scenes which are drawn before the intellectual eye, in the narratives of the Evangelists. The confessional is but a poor substitute for the pulpit, as a means of moral influence. The advice of an imperfect, short-sighted mortal, however sincere, can never penetrate and control the heart, like "the word of God, which is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, *and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.*" The Catholic church is thrown entirely behind the age by the simple fact, that its public services are conducted in a dead language. The very idea of social worship supposes the language in which it is conducted to be understood by those who unite in it. To them, it is *not* worship, if their minds and feelings cannot go along with it. They are merely spectators of the worship of others. So far as they are concerned, the prayer becomes a charm, or an incantation, efficacious because composed of consecrated words, and not because it expresses the emotions of devout and penitent hearts. In this respect, the Catholic church is in the same condition with that of the Jews, either through superstition, or an exaggerated idea of the importance of uniformity, adhering to a language which was spoken indeed, when the church was established, but has long since been laid aside. The intellectual wants of men are not met in the Catholic church. Instead of being enlightened, the people come together to waste the precious hours of public instruction, in gazing upon a dumb show. Christ and his Gospel were given to be the light of the world. The usages of the Catholic church are too many of them calculated, at the present day, to intercept, rather than transmit that light. The people come and ask for bread, and their teachers give them a stone. They come hungering for the word of life, which quickeneth and sanctifieth the soul, and they hear the syllables of a language, which conveys to them no more meaning than the hieroglyphics of Egypt.

It is altogether impossible that a community subjected to such influences can prosper, can become intelligent, enterprising, progressive. It will either become stationary, or decline. What its influences are, let Italy, Spain, Ireland bear witness. The Catholic church received its last modification at the Council of Trent, about three hundred years

ago. Since that time, it has become a fixture. It has derived many and great advantages from its unity and uniformity. But the world did not become fixed, when the Roman Catholic church did. That has changed, more than it ever did in any three centuries that have ever elapsed. The consequence is, that this unchanging institution is left every day farther and farther in the rear. Its incapacity of change and adaptation have now become its greatest disadvantage. It can continue to exist in its present form, only by producing and preserving a dead stagnation of mind upon religious subjects. This cannot be done, even among the members of her own communion. Already, it is said that there is a large number of the leading minds in Europe, who profess that faith, growing dissatisfied with things as they are. They see that neither the dogmas nor the ceremonies of that church can stand the test of the intelligence of this age. They contend therefore that some change is necessary, to maintain its influence and respectability. But the days of church-making are past. Henceforward, no more creeds will ever be manufactured for the human mind. The dwellers in that ancient structure must be content to remain in it as it is, as long as it will hold together. Once begin to repair it, and it will fall in ruins.

We now come to Protestantism. As a Protestant, it is to be expected that I should give it the preference over any other development of the religious principle that the world has ever exhibited. But I ask no man to take my opinions on trust. I only ask him to consider my facts and weigh my reasons. My proofs of its superiority are plain and palpable, known and read of all the world. They are England and the United States, in their religious, moral, social and physical condition. What England now is, in the eyes of all nations, she owes to the fact, that of all the countries in Europe, in her, the Reformation earliest and most completely took effect. Much has been said of the influence of the Anglo-Saxon blood which flows in her veins. At the time of the discovery of this continent by Columbus, Spain was a much more important country in the balance of European power than England. But with the Reformation, the scale began to turn, and from that day to this, England has been going up and Spain going down, and the main cause which has produced this wide difference is not the difference of blood, but the difference of religion.

Religion is not one of those causes which work on the surface, or at the circumference of things. It is situated at the very centre, and exerts the most controlling influence in forming the characters of individuals and nations. Protestantism is a religion of living, personal conviction, not of traditional and mechanical assent. It takes off the seals from the word of God, whose lessons are for the healing of the nations.

It aims to enlighten the understanding, at the same time that it refines the feelings. It makes man his own agent in his transactions with heaven, and therefore brings his conscience in direct contact with the Teacher of hearts. It is the friend of universal education. It is the friend of learning, in its widest sense. It has no list of prohibited books, which it is dangerous for the people to read. It creates, therefore, a bold, original, vigorous, wholesome literature. Above all things, it encourages preaching, the great instrument which Christianity has provided, for enlightening and saving the world. Preaching, under the Protestant conception of it, becomes one of the highest offices committed to man. It is an office which affords scope for the greatest talents and the most extensive acquirements. There is no branch of human knowledge, and scarcely any accomplishment, which does not widen and deepen the influence which the Christian preacher exerts for the benefit of his species. The themes are the noblest and most interesting that can occupy the human mind, God and man, time and eternity, the beginning and the end of all things, the human soul, its nature and its laws, society in all its developments, natural science in all its parts, in which the Divine attributes are displayed. These are the great subjects of which the Christian preacher is to discourse, and he who studies them well will be listened to with untold profit and delight. Such have been, in no inconsiderable degree, the Protestant clergy of England, since the Reformation. Her two universities have sent forth from year to year, a supply of able, and for the most part, faithful teachers. England has felt their influences to her obscurest hamlet. Stimulated by so noble an example, the Dissenters have not lagged far behind, in providing an enlightened ministry. The records of piety, learning and eloquence have been enriched by a long succession of able and devoted men, who have sustained the Dissenting cause in England. In both bodies, literature, as well as piety, has found some of her brightest ornaments. In short, under the auspices of Protestantism, England has formed a literature capable of revolutionizing and regenerating the world. She has acquired an intelligence which has perfected the arts, and made her the richest nation on the globe, in spite of the disadvantage of the unspeakable abuses of her civil and social institutions. She has cultivated and maintained a morality capable of sustaining such a degree of prosperity, and her flag is the symbol of her power, wherever the ocean rolls its waves. I want no other demonstration of the superiority of Protestantism over every other form of religion which has ever appeared on earth.

If England does not demonstrate the superiority of Protestantism, our own country may be permitted to complete the proof. North

America was colonized from Protestant England, South America from Catholic Spain. Where are they now? The advantages of soil, climate and productions, are all in favor of the Southern division of this continent. Yet the states of South America are now following at humble distance, those social institutions which we have long enjoyed. Our very constitution is the daughter of Protestantism. Had there been no Reformation, there would have been no such nation as the United States of America. The acquisition of civil liberty was an unforeseen result of the Reformation. When it commenced, both Protestant and Catholic imagined that they might use the civil power to uphold their own doctrines, and suppress those of their opponents. Calvin had no scruples in resorting to the civil power to burn Servetus. The Reformers in England persecuted the Catholics, when they got possession of the government, and even the Puritans of Boston stained their hands with the blood of the Quakers. But mutual persecution at length taught the different branches of the great Protestant family that church and state ought to be severed forever. Their separation has here been decreed, and both church and state are more prosperous for being independent of each other. Protestantism deserves the gratitude of mankind for this result, if for nothing else.

But we are told, that Protestantism is receding in England, that there is in that country a movement which is carrying back a large body of the Established Church to Romanism. Does not this demonstrate, either that the world is not progressive, or that Protestantism is not an advance upon the institution of Rome? We answer, that England is not consistently Protestant in her religious institutions. She did not fully carry out the principles of the Reformation. Those principles are, "The sufficiency of the Scriptures, and the right of private judgment;" and they cannot be carried out without the establishment of absolute religious freedom, such as we enjoy in this country. The Church of England says, as Protestant, "The Scriptures are sufficient," but, as the Church of England, she says, "You must subscribe the thirty-nine articles." She says, as Protestant, "You have a right to exercise your own judgment in the adoption of rites and ceremonies," but then, as the religion of the state, she says, "You must conform to the Church of England." The consequence is, that her clergy are drawn by two forces, in two opposite directions, one toward Rome, and the other toward consistent Protestantism; and some of them go one way and some the other. It is the natural tendency of the human mind to carry out principles, to advance, and not to become stagnant at any point of its progress.

But Protestantism lies open to the reproach of endless schism and division. It is already divided into countless sects, and may still go on to divide, till every man shall have a church for himself. Protestantism, it is said, contains in itself the seeds of its own destruction. We answer, that perfect unity and uniformity of opinion can exist only in a state of entire ignorance, or in a state of perfect knowledge. Men cannot differ in opinion upon a subject which they know nothing about, for they then can have no opinion at all. What passes for an opinion is not an opinion. It is mere authority and tradition. That unity and uniformity is worth very little, which is maintained by total ignorance. Unity and uniformity of opinion will be produced by perfect knowledge. No two persons can differ about a thing of which both possess a perfect knowledge. At all intermediate stages between total ignorance and perfect knowledge, there will be differences of opinion, because there will be different degrees of knowledge. A man who has seen but half the ground will probably have a different opinion from what he will have, when he sees the whole. The Protestant church is in a state of progress, from no knowledge, towards a perfect knowledge of the meaning of the Scriptures. Their inquiries were instituted about three hundred years ago, when no such thing as a Bible was seen in the hands of the common people. Within the last forty years more copies of the Bible have been created by the means of printing, than ever existed before. All Protestantism is at work with these newly acquired Bibles, to find out what they teach. They are not to blame for their imperfect knowledge and consequent differences of opinion. They are doing the work which ought to have been done in the thousand years which elapsed when the church was in a profound sleep. Their differences of opinion are the sign of life, activity, energy, independence. From the principles I have indicated, this evil has a tendency to cure itself. The more real knowledge of the Bible there is, the less difference of opinion will there be, as to what it teaches ; the more the mind is enlightened, the less stress is it disposed to put on things about which there can be any difference.

But we are told that Protestantism is the half-way house to infidelity. Protestants analyze the Bible till it comes to nothing under their hands, and they become Neologists, Deists, Transcendentalists. We are pointed to Germany, where Protestantism originated, as exhibiting its last results, and those results are a system of negations. We answer, that we feel no alarm at any of the legitimate consequences of Protestantism, which is only another name for free inquiry. In Germany, we deny that the principles of Protestantism are carried out. All church

establishments are there fixed as much by law, as in Catholic countries. There is no opportunity for theories to work themselves out, to prove or disprove themselves. Speculation is the wilder from this very circumstance. Here, in this country, Protestantism is carried out. Transcendentalism has appeared here, and so it did in England, immediately after the Reformation. Here, it will be tried as a practical system. We are willing, for ourselves, to abide the result. So far, it has miserably failed. If the Transcendentalists can discard the supernatural in the Bible, and still return to it as the basis of a religion, we say, let them do it. If they can establish a church upon the authority of Jesus the Philosopher, instead of Jesus the only Mediator between God and man, let them do it. There would indeed seem to be some incongruity in their using Christian places of worship to try the experiment in, and in their availing themselves of the usages and associations of the first day of the week, which commemorates Christ's *resurrection* from the dead. But let them make a fair experiment. If there be nothing supernatural in the Bible, if it were produced by unaided humanity, then unaided humanity may produce another, equal, if not superior to it. And the only proof of such a possibility that the world will ever admit, will be the production of another Bible, which will meet its wants as well or better than the one they have now. What humanity has done, humanity may do again. This modern school of the prophets of intuition must produce a revelation as consistent and consentaneous as that which was formed by the unstudied agreement of that long succession of prophets who professed to speak as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. But in this point they already fail. They agree in nothing but in pulling down, in starting doubts and raising objections. Until they can agree to build up, they can accomplish nothing. Already there are as many tongues among them as there were in Babel, and even in their objections to the Bible, they have this in common with the false witnesses who attempted to destroy the Saviour, that their witness agreeth not together. Until some one shall appear, who shall bear as much of heaven about him as Jesus of Nazareth, as he has the same unerring wisdom, connected with the same perfect character,—until some one shall arise and utter a discourse like the Sermon on the Mount, as well as still the tempest and raise the dead, Christ will sit where he now does, "above all principality and power," enthroned in the reverence and affection of mankind.

ALONE.

BY MRS. M. G. SLEEPER.

MANY years ago a man of high descent and regal fortune was driven from Paris for his adherence to the Protestant faith. He was deprived of his offices, his property was confiscated, and, with his wife and child, he took refuge in a secluded dell among the mountains of northern Italy. It was in early spring, and the surface of the gleaming snow was smooth and unsoiled, save where the fleet foot of the chamois had left its impress. The axe of the woodman had never rung in the old forests, and no cottage smoke had ever curled upward toward the blue sky. Night closed upon their tenth day's wandering, the clouds parted, and the cold moonbeams disclosed to their eager eyes the opening of a cavern, scarcely distinguished in the dense shadow of the tall firs. It had once been occupied by a holy man, who, in the overflowing of his generous heart, had labored with trembling hands to fit it for other dwellers, and had prayed with his last breath for those who might fly thither, as he had done, from the fury of tyrant kings. In its recesses the wanderers found shelter and repose. They kindled a light, divided their last food, and, crouching on the bed of leaves, drew closely over them their scanty covering. In answer to the old man's pleadings hope once again sprang up in their bosoms, and they called it home.

A few weeks effected great changes in that Alpine glen; closely following them, came the sights and sounds of the beautiful summer. A fountain welled up beneath the branches of a gnarled oak, and its waters lay like liquid light in their mossy basin. A huge grape-vine wreathed itself thickly over the rough rocks, and, in masses of living drapery, shut out the wind and rain. The mother and son sat in the sunshine, and labored diligently for the coming winter. They wove mats for seats, for beds, for a door and lining to their cavern. They made baskets and moccasins, and fashioned rude wooden utensils, and gathered for fuel the broken boughs with which the tempests had kindly strewn the earth. Patient and all-enduring were they, and thus cheered the father, who toiled even more industriously than they. With the rising sun he went abroad, and returned at night-fall with fish and game and berries, which he often risked life to gather. He sought for herbs and roots, too, and, when his wife had dried them, descended to the valley, and sold them to the bigoted Catholics, whose anathemas only moved him to pity. Three summers passed thus away, three times was the harvest gathered, three winters heaped their snows high over the retreat of the exiles. Yet clear and warm, and brighter, even, than in the walls of the capital lurked the flame of inextinguishable love.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," said the father, meekly, as he kissed the brow of his wife, and knew not that the words were prophetic. On he went with his boy, his Lelen, by his side. Their search was less successful than usual, and he proceeded farther than was his wont, although his eye could scarcely penetrate the thick mist which rolled itself into columns in the hollows and ravines. They reached a chasm, and, waving back his son, the father sprang forward. Scarcely had he made the effort when a breeze dispersed the vapor, revealing the abyss in its depth and blackness. Terror seized him. His limbs became powerless, and, with a cry of agony, he was dashed upon the rocks a hundred feet below.

Lelen looked down, but could distinguish nothing in the profound gloom. He called, but received no answer; louder, but there was no reply; again, but echo alone gave back a voice. He covered his face, and grew sick at heart. All day long watched he in grief and fear, sometimes half hoping, and then almost phrenzied with disappointment. When the sun went down he bent his steps homeward. "My mother! my poor mother!" he exclaimed, when he came in sight of their dwelling, and he threw himself on the ground and wept bitterly again.

"Why are you so late?" called his mother, as he approached. "The air is cold at this hour, and it is not well to breathe it." She lighted a taper, and saw the tears bathing his pale cheeks. "What has happened, my boy?" she exclaimed. "And thy father, why comes he not? Has any evil befallen him? Speak! answer, my son!"

Lelen turned from her anxious glance, and, pointing to a lofty summit, just visible in the dim moonlight, murmured, "He is there."

"And why did he not return? You weep! You shudder! Ay! I know it! Your father is——" her eyes grew fixed and glassy, animation fled, and she fell heavily on the rocky floor of the cavern.

For an hour she lay still and death-like, while Lelen bent frantically over her, kissing her white lips, and wildly uttering her name. Consciousness returned, and, with the early light, she resumed her usual tasks. Then she took a basket, and motioned her son to follow. Diligently she sought such herbs as her husband had procured, and carefully she dried them. But the transition from her in-door life to the cold of frosty heights, the sweeping night winds, and the morning dew, soon shattered a constitution already impaired by sorrow.

She knew that her last hour must soon come, yet she shrunk from communicating this knowledge to her boy. More rapidly than she was herself aware the disease progressed, and, one afternoon, she lay on her hard bed dying, and her son stood not by her side. More and more troubled grew her glance, more and more restlessly she turned toward the open door; again, and again she listened. At length she heard his

rapid foot-fall. He bounded forward, and knelt, breathlessly, at her side. She smiled as usual, extended her hand feebly toward him, and, rallying all her failing powers, said, "Never, my son, deny the faith of thy parents. O! would to God we had taught thee more diligently, for—" and her voice grew thrilling in her agony, "I must leave thee alone." Her head drooped, and when Lelen laid her back upon the pillow she was dead.

"Alone!" shrieked the boy. "Alone! alone!" and through the whole of that long, dreary night the cavern echoed from its flinty sides the terrible word "Alone!"

He told his melancholy story to those with whom he had trafficked, and a few peasants hurriedly laid his mother in unconsecrated earth. But no one would receive him. No one would permit a heretic to sit by his hearth, and, as they withdrew, he lay down on the grave, and seemed to give to the wind a portion of his own soul in the fearfully uttered word "Alone!"

It was very chilly, and the rain fell in torrents, but he felt it not for the pain in his breaking heart. Slowly he returned to the cavern, crept with a shiver to his little bed, and, when the day dawned, he set out for Paris. "Surely," he said, "there are there some of my father's faith."

Gathering information from the travellers he chanced to meet, living upon fruit and roots, and drinking from the streams beside the way, he toiled on and on till he reached the city. But his applications for work were repulsed. His tattered garments, emaciated figure and wild eye inspired fear rather than compassion. He made no complaints, yet at each refusal he murmured, with the wailing accent so infinitely sad from the lips of childhood, "Alone."

He sat down upon some steps, and a man answered with kind words the mute appeal of his suffering face. They were the first which had met his ear since his mother's death, and the tears, which had been checked by the very intensity of his grief, flowed, lessening the torture of his heart. He entered the service of the good man, but, though promptly and meekly obedient, he seemed a being apart from his race. His replenished wardrobe, his comfortable room, the gifts lavished upon him for his fidelity, were received with thanks, but the faint smile had in it no warmth, betokened no joy. It soon faded, and that dirge-like tone filled the chamber.

Six months passed thus when he was, one Sabbath, attracted toward a pretty church in the suburbs of the city. He did not enter the inner door, but he permitted no word to escape him. The preacher was of middle age, with a face and figure that indicated profound repose. The eyes which looked out from beneath the clear and somewhat massive

brow beamed mildly on his people, his attitude and air breathed only peace. His theme was Jesus Christ ; his rich, flexible voice heightened the effect of the harmonious truths he uttered. He exhibited Him in each of his offices, but he dwelt longest and most feelingly upon His infinite love. His emotion became excessive when he spoke of His acquaintance with every form of human woe, and the adaptation of His blessings, not only to the outward and tangible, but to the more wearing griefs of which the world can know nothing, and for which it can provide no remedy. He described the soul thirsting for a resting place, pluming her pinions for flight, then sinking faint and exhausted back again to earth. He drew touching pictures of desolated homes, of extinguished hearth-fires; of hearts whose hopes were buried beneath the sod. Earnest, and full of entreaty grew his words when he besought his people to trust the all-embracing love of a risen Saviour; and it seemed less the voice of the preacher than the unutterable melody of the truth, which floated over the audience, when he exclaimed, "He who has Jesus Christ is not alone!"

The boy's heart beat with a new-born hope. He forgot the place, felt not the jostling of the crowd passing from the building, saw only the preacher, and moving forward, he said, with a supplicating gaze, "O! tell me where I may find Jesus Christ, for I am all alone."

The pastor looked tenderly into the young man's face eagerly upturned, pressed the hand that lay on his, and answered, "Come with me, my child, for I, too, have been alone."

Hastily they trod the street, and entered the pastor's study. Pleasant books covered the walls, and pictures and memorials of far-off lands, but the voices of his kindred were never heard there. A chord which he had thought would remain silent through his whole life responded in mournful music to the boy's touch, and he drew closer and closer to him, then clasped him to his bosom. It was long ere he could speak, but, his emotion once subdued, he reverted to his ever welcome theme. Tenderly as a mother he talked to him of Jesus Christ, told him how He had won children to His side, taken them to His arms, laid His hand among their curls and blessed them as He only could bless. And the homeless one drank in the beautiful truths. Doubt and fear vanished, and he breathed softly in the pastor's ear, for his new found happiness seemed almost too sacred for speech, "I also am not alone." The two knelt in the moonlight, and their thanksgiving went up to the Father blended with the songs of angels over the lost one found.

Seventeen years afterwards there stood an imposing building upon the site of the little church. Every part of the vast edifice was full to overflowing. Beneath, around, above, even among the carved and

gilded decorations crowded the representatives of all ages and either sex. From the palaces of her nobles, the dwellings of her merchants, the abodes of poverty, the dens of pollution and of crime, Paris poured forth its multitudes.

A younger preacher occupied the same desk, and his matchless eloquence had filled France with his name. A wild expression, it was said, embodying fearful and protracted suffering, gave to his address strange earnestness and power. His glance sought the depths of the human heart. With rare skill he brought to light the hidden things of its inmost recesses. When reproof was needed the very pulses of his hushed audience seemed stilled with the terror of his words; when he offered consolation they fell upon the spirit like dew on the early blossom. His style, exquisitely clear and simple, was intelligible to the most illiterate, and they who went restless and sad returned with better and higher hopes.

A white haired man sat in a cushioned chair and looked with love on the preacher. Their souls mingled even when no words were spoken. The childless and the homeless were joined in a union which time might indeed strengthen, but eternity alone could perfect.

MEMORIES.

Hush, hush! I would remember
 A scene left long ago,
 When the skies were soft and brilliant
 With a deep September glow.

Hush, hush! bleak wind of winter!
 I would recall the air
 Breathed from the lips of summer
 Upon my forehead there.

Bright, beautiful, gay morning!
 I wander with thee now;
 The dew-drops in the sunlight,
 Like jewels on thy brow:

Thy arm in mine is resting,
 Like that of a pleasant friend:
 And thy words are kind and gentle
 As thine eyes that on me bend.

We leave the dusty village:—

We take the grassy lane,
Winding along the pastures
And the golden fields of grain:

We track the tangled woodland:

We mount the breezy hill,
Whence far the prospect stretches
To the mountains dim and still.

But stay, through yonder branches,

Beyond the next ploughed field,
Lo! bright the water glimmers
Like the sheen of a silver shield.

We reached the glistening water,—

We strolled along the shore,
And thought, in the perfect stillness,
Of the days to come no more.

But few short years had faded,
Since one most dearly prized
Had stood on the same green margin,
With aims unrealized.

He had dreamt as I was dreaming
While gazing on that wave,
And laid up hopes for the future:
They are buried in his grave.

But his voice was in the music
Sweeping my saddened ear;
In the murmuring wind and the water
He spoke to the wanderer here.

And the hour of thoughtful beauty,
Spent by that tranquil lake,
Has been often and fondly dwelt on
For that friend's beloved sake.

The heart may well remember
Whatever brings it bliss:
But let it also ponder
A mournful page like this;

Whereon is writ some record
Of nobleness and worth,
And of warm, unsullied feelings
Once numbered on the earth.

For it gives a better impulse
To the rushing waves of life,
And may check to unwonted quiet
Their whirling current of strife,

To be sometimes reminded
How near is the daily love,
And how precious the example
Of friends who have gone above.

R. P. R.

CHILDHOOD'S MISSION.

BY REV. S. D. ROBBINS.

BEAUTIFUL children, everywhere, — floral apostles, they gladden our life in every pathway. Numberless as stars they rise and shine and set in the universal firmament. Fresh and heaven-freighted, they arrive every day on the shore of time, and every day they are engulfed in the dark sea that rolls round the world. Every home has its own joys. Every father's and mother's heart is full of tenderest anxieties drawn forth by their beloved infants, or, with serene peace, looks beyond the grassy grave for them in safe mansions of eternal rest. And memory, to every man that lives, discovers, hidden deep and sacred in the shadow of the past, the faithful picture, sad or joyful, of his early days. It cannot be that the lessons so universally taught us by the record and the experience of every heart, should be without significance, without deepest instructions. The scripture picture of Jesus and the child has a perennial beauty, a perpetual pertinency. Let us gaze upon it lovingly now, that in the spirit of the Son of God we may understand the mysterious and magnificent mission of childhood. To his reverent soul the spirit of a little child was regarded as a solemn and beautiful type of his religion. And if we will study its deep and hidden meaning, it may do much to reveal to us the highest wisdom of the spiritual world.

Perhaps the first lesson taught us by childhood, is the nearness in which God stands to the human soul, — his direct personal regard, I

might almost say, his pure family affection for man ; for never can the Divine Mind be revealed as so closely united to our souls as when first we fold to our glad hearts the new born immortals which we call our children. God sends us then, as from his own bosom, our parental spirit,—a new inspiration, an added tie to heaven, a new spiritual element before unfelt, and altogether beyond description or even conception. Though often unrecognised, and rarely appreciated, yet does this new bond to heaven move the very lowest depths of our Godlike nature, and would, if closely studied and carefully nurtured, lead man from whatever stage of previous indifference, from whatever depths of former degradation, upwards to purest faith and holiest religion ; would surely bring to the soul the highest spiritual wisdom. Not more certainly does the instinct of the lower orders of creation, increased by fondness for their young, lead them to the outer limits of their nature to provide for and defend their offspring, although at the sacrifice of their own lives, than would the parental spirit in the human bosom lead man to seek the highest good of his own child, bearing him on from one stage of truth and holiness to another, till, for his infant's sake, he had entered the kingdom of heaven. The spirit of God dwelling in us awakens all the loftiest energies of our active nature ; it first teaches us the great necessity of true life ; it extends the intellect, it exalts the heart, it gives a new zest and meaning to our being ; it calls on us to throw our whole souls into action, and was implanted in us that it might bring out into their full play, and exert, to their highest degree, all the powers of our humanity.

The second great lesson that childhood teaches, is that of love, self-sacrificing, pure, long-suffering love. In utter helplessness, cast into our life, with what supplicating eyes full of unlimited faith they rest cradled upon our hearts. They feel safe with us. They cling to our being with serenest peace, and how does the new love they bring with them touch and move and glorify our souls ! Would we could so rest on God, as they repose on our unworthy bosoms ! How many spirits have been purified and upborne by the presence of infant innocence, and the ties which childhood binds round the soul, which love less exalting could never teach ! Pictures of this love,— who has not seen them adorning every home, and making light those burdens which the world only binds, never lifts off from human destiny ? I stood one day before the door of a low, dark home, across which the gilded spire of one of our metropolitan churches flung its chilling shadow, and as I mused in thoughtful sadness over the mystery of the penury and impurity that stain our Christian streets, I saw a mother clothed in rags seize from the reeking pavement her infant son ; upward she bore him

to her breast, with a glow of joy that even poverty could not quench, and suddenly she was transfigured there before my face ; her countenance was as of the sun ; her raiment bright as the light ; she stood forth a Madonna in her misery ; and my doubts were put to flight, my questions were all answered. Thus does God's love overshadow us all, and no home, however sad, wants his presence, where childhood smiles as a summer.

The love we bear our children, too, is ever leading us out of ourselves, leading us to make sacrifices for them, which before we never believed ourselves capable of making. We watch by their couch of pain with angel tenderness, we live over our lives in their sunshine ; we suffer in their sorrows ; and in their sins we become regenerated. We feel that their wrongs grow out of our own transgressions, and, with deepest anxiety we plead with them to seek and pursue the right. We stand lowly and convicted before them, and repent in their failures sins for which we found no tears before. Indeed, the knowledge we gain from their teachings, the spiritual life and peace we reap from their guidance, are among the chief blessings which they confer on us, pouring back again, with a fuller love than the Roman daughter, the tide of life into our hearts. They are, indeed, our teachers. Here, as life rolls on, and they press up the dangerous steeps of manhood, do we gather new power to solve the great mysteries of our life, and gain new truths, and fortify our souls with new power. For them our obedience of the right grows more perfect ; for them we learn to be all that we would seek to make them. And their fidelity to us, springing from love, their willing obedience, their joy in our smiles, their sorrow at our rebukes,— how well do these symbolize the great principles of the religion of Jesus, who binds us to God as unto a Father ! If we will only look into our own hearts, we shall find one by one, every great precept of Christianity revealed in the life of a true and tender parent. As those whom we so love rely on our affections, so should we lean on God. As we would do all things for their sakes, so should we feel that God will do all for us. As they are never out of our thoughts, so are we never out of his thoughts. As they need not ask us any thing, so is he more ready to give than we are to ask or think. And so, every pang they bear is a teacher to us, calling forth our deepest tenderness, leading us to bow with unknown earnestness in prayer for their succor, and to feel that there must be a God to take care of them, when beyond the limits of our farthest reaching affections.

Beautiful indeed is the religion that shines out in the life of a true childhood. These are no marvels, for God, to the child, is all in all, and everywhere. There is no breakage in the golden chain of his

trusting thought. All are brothers and sisters here to his large and unselfish heart. The highest truths of Jesus are all simple to his confiding thoughts. The shadows of life we watch with fear, to them are only as the clouds that fly away before the sun. Time has no limit to their thought ; knowledge is as plain as the thought of the coming spring ; while death is only as winter,—the winding sheet of flowers which will only blossom in greater beauty.

Indeed, we are deeply indebted to them all, for the sweet light they shed on our way ; for the new truths they bring with them ; for our burdens lightened by their love ; for our faith enkindled and confirmed by their reliance ; for the joy they pour out along their life ; for the heaven they prepare us to reach when they go away. As in the high Alpine mountains there are beautiful pasture-grounds in almost inaccessible summits, whither the shepherds bear their lambs in their bosoms, that the sheep may be tempted up where before they had not strength to go, so the Good Shepherd bears our children to the sunny fields of heaven that we may gain new fortitude to follow up in the narrow way.

How precious too is the example of their docility ; their profound belief in their possibilities,—walking forth to grasp the sun and the moon as for toys, and to span the arch of heaven in their tiny grasp ! With their hearts of innocence, how does the great pageant of evil excite their solemn wonder ! With consciences animated as by the constant presence of God, how does that pageant fly before them and leave them unscathed ! Shall we not learn then, from these great heaven-anointed teachers, whose angels do always behold the face of the Father in Heaven ? Shall we not bow in reverence before them, and for their sakes be holy ? Shall we not love them, guard them and keep their feet from falling from their Father's kingdom ? Up and down through the high-ways and by-ways of human life, how are they everywhere exposed ! What yawning abysses of degradation wait to receive them ! The children of the rich, the children of the poor, everywhere, how do they chant forth the chorus of the redeemed at their birth ; and the song of the nativity,—how is it repeated on every side at the advent of every new messiah ! How, too, does the united wail of the innocents go up to Heaven ! And still one long, loud tone sounds out from all,—“Keep our eyes from tears, our feet from falling, and our souls from death.”

Let us, then, be wise to obey the mission that childhood bears. Let us seek to keep the child fresh in our hearts that we too may be of the kingdom of Heaven.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

JESUS was now coming to Jerusalem, at the approach of the Passover at which he knew that he was to suffer. The eyes of the whole Jewish nation were intently fixed upon him. His words of heavenly truth and wisdom, and his many miracles of mercy, had drawn universal attention towards him. In Galilee, where the greater part of his public ministry was spent, the common people, who had no interest in opposing or rejecting him, heard him gladly. Though he appeared very differently from what they were expecting of the Messiah, they might still hope he would assume that character ; at least, they were willing to acknowledge him as the most wonderful prophet that had yet been sent to their nation. In the city of Jerusalem, however, the case was different. There the people were more under the influence of the Scribes and Pharisees, the teachers and representatives of the national religion, who opposed and hated Jesus, seeing in his growing influence with the multitude, the destruction of their own ill gotten and ill used authority, and in his pure and spiritual morality, a stern rebuke of their external and ceremonial religion, which they made a cloak for every kind of secret corruption. Still, however, we may observe in the Gospel narrative, plain indications of a favorable disposition toward Jesus, even in the populace of the city ; and of great jealousy of it, and anxiety to suppress it, on the part of the rulers of the nation. This popular enthusiasm, which had probably been gathering strength with the progress of our Lord's ministry, seems to have been brought to a height that demanded some expression, by the raising of Lazarus, — the most stupendous of his miracles, — a miracle which his enemies could not deny, though they would not admit the conclusion to which it seemed irresistibly to lead, that he was a messenger from God. This miracle the Evangelist John speaks of, as one of the principal causes that moved the multitudes to go forth and lead Jesus in triumph to the Holy City. "The people," he says, "that was with him, when he called Lazarus out of his grave, and raised him from the dead, bare record. For this cause the people also met him, for that they heard that he had done this miracle."

Jesus perceiving the enthusiasm of the people, and their disposition to render him some extraordinary tribute of homage, yielded to it. He sent two of his disciples to the neighboring village, to borrow an ass, the owners of which readily lent it upon the simple intimation, that the great teacher needed it. It was no mark of extraordinary humiliation that Jesus rode on an animal of this kind ; the Jews had no low or degrading associations with it. It was commonly used for travelling in times

of peace. It therefore merely marked the pacific character of the Saviour's triumph. He came, not on the war-horse, or in the chariot of battle, but surrounded by the emblems of peace. His conquests had been those alone of beneficence and mercy, and the only captives who followed his progress, were those who had been won by love. As he proceeded, the people expressed their reverence for him, by the customary eastern signs of spreading their garments and the broad leaves of the palm tree in his path. Their way led over the Mount of Olives, which lay between Bethany and Jerusalem. As they reached its summit, the Holy City, and its magnificent temple visible from its foundation, burst upon their view; that city with which all their proudest national recollections were connected, and which they hoped would become, under the reign of the Messiah, the sacred metropolis of the earth,—that temple, which for its vastness, beauty and splendor alone, was worthy of the highest admiration, and which to the Jewish eye was clothed with an awful sanctity. It was the loved residence of his heaven-taught religion; within its sacred precincts alone, could the most solemn rites of that religion be performed, and in its holy of holies was the divine presence perpetually manifested by a visible sign. All the feelings kindled by this spectacle blended naturally with the expectations they had begun to entertain of Jesus; and the whole multitude began to rejoice and praise God, with a loud voice, for all the mighty works that they had seen, saying, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven and glory in the highest.

But Jesus himself well knew how transient was this pageant. He knew that he was entering the city in triumph, to suffer there, within a few days, an ignominious death. He knew that though a portion of the people were paying him sincere homage, yet the nation, as a body, would not receive him as their promised deliverer, that for their rejection of him, they would be thrust down from their high place as the chosen people, and the beautiful city and temple that lay before him would be given up to destruction. He was not for a moment deceived by the expression he was receiving of the popular favor. He looked through it to the ultimate consequences of his mission to the Jewish people. In the midst of this joy and triumph, he who was the cause and object of it all, was in tears. He looked on the doomed city and wept over it;—that city which had been so highly favored, but was so corrupt; which had been the scene of so many miraculous interpositions; where the prophets of the old dispensation had uttered their stern rebukes, and solemn warnings, and glorious predictions; and in whose streets the Son of God had wrought his miracles of mercy, and delivered his messages of divine truth; but which had killed the pro-

phets, and stoned them that had been sent unto it, and was now soon to fill up the measure of its iniquity, by crucifying the Messiah ; — over this city, whose signal overthrow he distinctly foresaw and described, he, the most illustrious of its victims, shed tears of divine compassion. "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace ! But now they are hid from thine eyes."

The morning after* this entrance into the city, Jesus went into the temple, and cast out from it the money changers, and the dealers in cattle, who had been accustomed to pursue their traffic within its consecrated limits. It may seem strange, that such a desecration of the temple should ever have been permitted to grow into a custom. Though there was very little genuine piety and sincere reverence for holy things left among the Jews, yet, for that very reason, were they the more scrupulous in maintaining external and ceremonial observances ; and it might naturally be supposed they would be extremely careful to guard the sanctity of their temple from violation. The fact is in some measure, explained by the circumstance, that the temple consisted of successive courts or enclosures, one within another, each one of which was considered more sacred than that which surrounded it, the last of which, the Holy of Holies, could be entered by the High Priest alone once a year. The outermost of these courts was called the court of the Gentiles, and thus far and no farther, were heathen ever permitted to enter the Jewish temple. It was natural that the Jews, from their contempt of the heathen, should have come to have little regard for the sacredness of this part of the building. Here it was that cattle were exposed for sale, for the convenience of those who came to offer sacrifices, and tables for the exchange of money kept, to accommodate those who came to pay the annual tribute, demanded of every Hebrew, for the support of the temple service. Probably much extortion was practised

* So it appears from the narrative of Mark (xi. 11—16.) who interposes a night, and the withering of the fig-tree, between the entrance into the city and the purification of the temple. From Matthew's account alone, we should get the impression, that the temple was cleared immediately after the entrance into the city. But he does not expressly say so, and his account, compared with Mark, would present no difficulty, if he had not placed the withering of the fig-tree after the clearing of the temple. This difficulty, however, is a very small one. It is easy to conceive, that Matthew should relate in immediate connection, the two events of chief importance, and then go back to relate the incident of the fig-tree. According to an obviously reasonable rule, always observed in such cases, the order of Mark's narrative must be adopted, as being the more circumstantial. The purification of the temple, by being thus separated by a night from the triumphant entry, is farther removed from the appearance of being done under excitement, and is more satisfactorily shown to have been a calm and deliberate act.

on those whose necessities compelled them to resort to these dealers. This practice, then, was entirely wrong ; and though allowed by public opinion, could not be defended by any of the principles of the Jewish religion. Jesus, with a majesty and authority which must have appeared in his whole person and manner, which overawed the guilty violators of the sacred place, and forbade contradiction or resistance, drove them from the temple. Perhaps we cannot, at the present day, fully understand this extraordinary act of our Lord. It appears, at first sight, an exception to his usual gentle and retired deportment, to have rendered him liable to censure and persecution from his enemies, and to have had a tendency to excite a popular tumult. Yet is the act justified, if we may be permitted to use the word in such a connection, by the result. His enemies, however disposed to find fault with him, could not take hold of it. They could not but acknowledge, that the desecration of the temple was an abuse that ought to be corrected. The Scribes and Pharisees, who directed public opinion in matters of religion, and who might themselves have abolished the practice, must have felt themselves severely rebuked by our Lord's act. Those immediately affected by it, dared not resist or complain, and although in the excited state of the public mind, such an act seemed likely to produce commotion, no such effect actually followed. It was the act of Jesus alone. The admiring multitude about him had no share in it. It was performed in such a manner, as to make them feel that their low and earthly passions had nothing to do with it.

When they who had thus profaned the temple, had been driven from it, the lame and the blind came to him, and he healed them there, and he taught daily in the temple, during the short remainder of his ministry. How appropriate was this use of the sacred building. It was meet that the Son of God should thus exercise, in his Father's house, the divine powers the Father had given him, at once to prove his heavenly mission, and to scatter through the land the blessings of bodily health, in the train of the healing spiritual influences which the Gospel was to spread over the whole earth. It was meet that from this place, in which centred all the sacred influences of the old dispensation, should go forth those words of peace and truth, which were to fulfil and perfect the design which the law began. Then was accomplished the prophecy, that the glory of the second temple should surpass that of the first. Not the cloud that filled the first temple at its dedication, nor the light that dwelt between the cherubim of the mercy seat, were so full or so affecting manifestations of God's presence, as his presence now in the person of his Son, showing itself in beneficent miracle, and speaking to the world the words of salvation.

The question, what was the special reason, why Jesus permitted himself to be thus borne in triumph to the city, and exercised his power to purge the temple, cannot perhaps, be fully answered. We may not be able to understand all the bearings of those acts, or to appreciate the whole effect they might have in the eyes of a few. Probably, however, they are to be regarded as an explicit and striking assertion of our Lord's claim to be the Messiah. This claim Jesus had refrained from making, at the commencement of his ministry. At that time, it would have been sure to be misunderstood, and would have been fatal to the object of the mission. The nation were looking for a temporal and military leader,—a warring and conquering Messiah. Had he announced himself, at once, and before his personal character had become known, as the long expected object of their desires and hopes, it would have been a signal of universal revolt. He was indeed the Christ, and in him were to be fulfilled the prophecies respecting that personage, but in a widely different sense from that which was popularly attached to them. His life and his word were to be the power of God unto salvation, and it was necessary that there should be an opportunity of that life being observed, and that word broadly disseminated, before the true meaning of the claim could be understood. Accordingly he uniformly discouraged every indication of a disposition to give him that title, and when Peter, in the name of the disciples, acknowledged him as the Christ, he charged them to tell no man. But now, the time was come for publicly making this claim. He had lived sometime in the sight of the nation. He had taught the multitudes of Galilee, in the synagogues of their towns and villages, on the mountains, by the sea-shore, and in the desert. He had attended the great festivals at Jerusalem, and had proclaimed his Gospel in its streets, and in the porches of the temple. In both city and country, he had freely exercised his divine powers, in healing every kind of disease, in miraculously multiplying food for the supply of hungry thousands, in controlling the elements, in raising the dead. He was universally and well known. Would the nation receive him as their Messiah? This question, it is conceived, was submitted to them, by the significant acts of his triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, and his authoritative vindication of the sanctity of the temple. The mode of his entrance was in exact conformity with an ancient prophecy, which was understood to refer to the Messiah. "Tell ye the daughter of Sion, behold thy king cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass." The title, "Son of David," by which the multitude hailed Jesus, was one by which the Messiah was commonly designated, and was exclusively applied to him. By using this title, therefore, they acknowledged him to be the Messiah, as ex-

plicitly as if that name had been directly used. Some Pharisees who were present, offended at the use of this title, but afraid to show any opposition to it, applied to Jesus, with the hope that he would disown it; but he replied, "I tell you, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." And afterward, when the children in the temple were crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David," they said to him, "Hearest thou what these say?" Wilt thou suffer thyself to be called the Messiah? Wilt thou sanction, by thy silence, the application of that sacred name to thyself? And he answered, Yea; have ye never read, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?

We cannot say, that the expulsion of the traders from the temple, was an act that the Jews thought could be rightfully performed by the Messiah alone. But certainly it was an assumption of extraordinary authority. No individual had a right to exercise it in his private capacity. He who took it upon himself, must have meant to be understood as declaring himself a messenger from God. Perhaps, by a few he could not have been understood otherwise than as claiming to be the Messiah. Certain it is, that all the conversations between Jesus and his opponents, after this event, imply a tacit understanding, on both sides, that he claimed to be the Christ. This may be perceived, especially, in their inquiry, "By what authority doest thou these things, and who gave thee this authority?" — and the manner in which Jesus met it. He replies to their questions indirectly, by asking their opinion of the mission of John the Baptist, whether it was divine or not? John had distinctly pointed out Jesus as the Messiah. If John was a divine messenger, Jesus was the Messiah! The chief priests and elders would not acknowledge the divinity of the Baptist's mission, because it would have been a virtual admission of the Messiahship of Jesus; yet they dared not deny it, for fear of the people. This conversation shows as clearly, by implication, as if it had been directly asserted in words, that Jesus claimed to be the Christ, and that his claim was sustained by proof which his adversaries had neither the power nor the courage to dispute.

We have contemplated Jesus in the one short season of his outward triumph. How extraordinary that triumph. How unlike any the world had ever seen. How much more truly glorious. It was customary for the Roman generals, on their return from a successful war, to enter the capital in triumph, followed by their victorious armies, exhibiting in ostentatious array the wealth, the costly furniture, the precious vessels, and beautiful works of art, which they had brought back from pillaged and ruined cities, and dragging in chains at their chariot wheels

long trains of weeping and naked captives. What tears and blood-shed did one of those triumphs cost. What sorrow and misery did that gorgeous show in fact represent. It spoke of burning towns, of ravaged fields, of violated and desolated homes, of death and agony dealt out to thousands on the battle-field, of the wretchedness of widows and orphans, of fruitful and populous regions changed to deserts. Truly may it be said of the warrior, " destruction and misery are in his path." And this was what the world called glory ; — what a mighty majority of the world, even the Christian world, after the enjoyment of eighteen centuries of Gospel light, still continues to call so. How strange that men should thus have united in singing the praises of their direst scourges ; that they should have encouraged, by their homage, this wide and wanton destruction of human life, and the means of human welfare. Turn from these bloody and polluted triumphs to that of Jesus. How complete the contrast it presents. Not a single heart could protest against it. No one could say, It was purchased by my sorrow or suffering. It was a triumph of no bodily force, of no form of worldly power. It was a triumph of love. His miraculous powers, undoubtedly, drew multitudes around him, and invested him with a spiritual grandeur which commanded their reverence ; but a deeper tone was given to that reverence, by the fact that his power had always been disinterestedly used ; never for his own purposes, never to confound his enemies ; but always to bless others. It was a triumph of beneficence and mercy. The blind, whose eyes he had opened to the day, were there to behold and bless him. The dumb, whose tongues he had unloosed, spake his praises. The insane, whom he had restored to reason, the lame and maimed, to whom he had given strength and soundness, the hungry, whose need he had miraculously supplied, the poor, into whose darkened minds and desolate hearts he had poured the rays of divine truth, and shed drops of heavenly comfort, perhaps the dead whom he had recalled to life, were there to swell his triumphant train, and bear willing testimony to the various and wonderful signs, by which he showed that he came from God.

It was indeed a most just triumph ; but how transient. How soon did these shouts of popular homage die away. As we contemplate it, it seems a short triumphant progress to the cross. Yet is it a type of the final and complete triumph of Jesus in the world. That sentiment of reverence for him, which here gained a brief expression from the lips of a Jewish multitude, is deeply seated in man's heart of hearts. His is the character that commands the homage and love of man's higher and better nature. It will therefore continue to be more worthily appreciated. As man is continually elevated and improved by the sacred

presence of that character in the world, he will understand it better, and admire and love it more. That great Roman empire, which began in robbery, and continued in incessant war, and thrrove by oppression, and was cemented with blood, has long since passed away. Time has falsified its proud boast, that it should never be moved. Its renown is the subject of ancient history. But that humble individual,—humble in reference to the world's estimation of greatness,—whose life was passed in one of the obscure provinces of that empire, and was closed by the ignominious death that Rome reserved for the vilest of malefactors, was silently laying the foundations of a kingdom that shall never end,—a kingdom in the hearts of men,—a kingdom of righteousness and love. There is no permanence like that of truth;—no power in the universe so sure to prevail as that of love; no glory so enduring as that of self-sacrificing beneficence. These are the elements of Christ's greatness. Therefore is his kingdom an everlasting kingdom; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against his Church.

C. P.

LOVE MIGHTIER THAN FORCE.

YESTERDAY Spring was with us, bright and beautiful, with her sweet smile wooing sullen old Winter to relent. His heart for a time seemed touched; but to-day, repenting of his clemency, he has armed himself with all his weapons, storm and gust, blinding snow and biting cold, and seems resolved to do battle for every inch of ground manfully to the last. The little bare spots, which I watched yesterday so lovingly and so hopefully, are all buried beneath the snow; and nothing but the unchanging order of the seasons indicates that nature will ever bloom again. Yet I know that she will arise from her tomb; for the promise has never been revoked that "seed time and harvest, summer and winter, shall not fail." The sun will resume his wonted power over the earth. Silently and slowly, but surely, he will awaken in her cold and frozen bosom the pulses of life; and the bleak and barren waste will be transformed into the blooming and fruitful field.

My heart accepts the augury. Thus shall it be in the moral world. The law of force shall yield to the law of love. Love is the great principle which shall revivify the world. Man has long striven to reform his fellow man, by force and terror; but, as in the old fable, the more bitter the blast of scorn and ignominy the more closely has man wrapped about him the cloak of hypocrisy and hardness of heart. But let the warm rays of benevolence fall upon him, and he will discard the cumbrous garment, and lay his whole soul open to the quickening power of love.

M. W.

THE CALENDAR.

Hast thou ever seen in the miner's book
 The hours and days gone by?
 For there thou canst read, at a single look
 And with unerring eye,
 In color, and whiteness,
 The labor and rest
 With which the miner's life is drest.

Their almanac * is a curious thing,
 A tell-tale of their task;
 For the master-miner his lamp may bring,
 And have no need to ask
 If faithful or not
 To their tedious lot
 The workmen have been in the darksome grot.

So, deep in the mines of the human heart,
 A crystallizing leaf
 Is receiving the tints of the varying part,
 For future joy or grief,
 The occupant plays.
 * Resplendent with rays
 Are times of exertion, all blank the lost days.

Then welcome labors, and trials, and toils!
 Of hours of ease be spare!
 That when the Master collecteth the spoils
 Earth's heaving bosoms bear,
 The streakings of white
 Be eclipsed by bright
 And manifold hues of the stalactite.

J. R. B.

January 1, 1847.

* The "Miner's Almanac" is the name given to a crystallization which is formed in mines by the dampness and oozings of the crevices coming in contact with the gases; that which is made during the day is colored by the dust agitated by the workmen; but that of the night is perfectly colorless. Thus, the days of the week may be counted; every sixth being succeeded by an extra thickness of white, from the stillness of Sunday.

THE NEW PLANET :
OR
AN ANALOGY BETWEEN THE PERTURBATIONS OF MATTER
AND SPIRIT.

A SERMON, BY REV. C. A. BARTOL.

PROVERBS xvi. 11. A just weight and balance are the Lord's.

THE public attention has been lately much drawn to the discovery of a new planet, in that system of the heavenly bodies, to which our earth belongs. This remarkable fact has been the subject of many scientific comments. It may also however be regarded in various religious aspects. I know not that it has been considered in the point of view now proposed, as presenting an analogy between the material and moral universe. But this analogy is so perfect, so fixed in the principle and manner of the discovery, and leads to views so consolatory, as well as instructive, that we may profitably trace it.

“A just weight and balance are the Lord's.” His creation is but an exact balance of worlds. Planets orderly revolving at various proportionate distances about the sun, lesser moons and satellites, in orbits as precise, moving round the planets, and the whole solar system, as it were one single globe, rolling obedient to some mighty centre, which a late astronomer professes to have descried in the depths of the starry space.

For a considerable number of years, it had been supposed, that the solar system, of which our world is part, was all brought into the field of view and scientific knowledge; one bright body after another, with perhaps its attendant orbs, having revealed its station to the observer's eye, nearer to, or farther from the sun,—from Mercury thirty-six millions of miles distant, to Herschel at the astonishing remoteness of more than eighteen hundred millions. And at length the heavenly lyre, to use a favorite figure with astronomical authors, was thought to be complete,—the planet Herschel being the last chord in this glorious harmony to the Creator's praise. But still another note is now added, in the discovery of a new world vastly exceeding in size that appointed for our mortal dwelling. It is the principle and mode of this discovery, which I wish to note, as suggesting the analogy to which I have referred.

Le Verrier, the sagacious explorer of the celestial spheres, to whom we owe this great achievement of the age, was led into the track of the new planet, by detecting some perturbations or disturbed movements in the planet Herschel, for which the motions and attractions of the known heavenly bodies could not account.

One preliminary word more is necessary, in order fully to develope our idea of the nature of these perturbations. The perturbations of a planet are deviations or diversions from its regular separate course about the centre, which are occasioned by the attraction of other bodies. It was at first thought, these perturbations would finally derange the universe, and bring into inextricable confusion and destructive chaos that whole portion of nature in which we are placed.

But further insight into the process, by which these mighty masses of matter are drawn or driven along their glittering pathways, has shown that God's creation is fashioned wiser than man's fearful supposition, and that the compensations for these disturbances are so wonderfully wrought out, that the very mingling and apparent clashing of almost innumerable forces preserves the equilibrium of the whole, and, so far as we can see, will secure the stability of the universe. Of the perturbations however in question there had been no previous explanation.

But the question arose in the explorer's mind, as through the lenses of his searching tube he gazed on that bright sphere, so long supposed to tread on the very verge and outermost circle of those stars that sing together in our little sister-band of God's infinite family of worlds,—as he gazed and, with his armed, instructed eye, saw it tremble and sway from the line it should in obedience to the sun and its fellow travellers maintain, the question arose, what affection it could feel to make it thus lean aside; and, with a bold prudence, he judged that it must have beyond some other companion, which human eye had not yet seen. He scans these perturbed inclinations more exactly, measures their amount, ascends to their adequate cause, and though that cause still lay darkly ranging on, with to earthly vision undiscernible lustre, he yet predicts its place, and course, and time of arrival into the focus of human sight. His prediction is recorded, to be entertained by some, or incredulously smiled at by others.

But lo! in due time the stranger comes as announced, to fulfil this "sure prophetic word" of the divinely inspired understanding of man; and a glorious new world swims into his telescopic view, sailing on the farthest rim of solar attraction, more than three thousand millions of miles away,—a world immense in its proportions as compared with this narrow surface of human action and passion. It comes and sets up its blue, brilliant disc in the heavens, in addition to

the broad, lustrous face of Jupiter, the shining ring of Saturn, the soft beauty of Venus, and the red shield of Mars.

"A just weight and balance are the Lord's." So believed the calm, though sanguine calculator who marked the rising and falling scales of the material universe.

"A just weight and balance are the Lord's," I believe we may with equal justice say, as we examine the order and observe the perturbations of the moral universe. The motions and tremblings and disturbances of the human heart also refer to a world beyond.

The disorders and wrongs and sufferings of human life demand a rectification and balance, as much as the swayings and wanderings of a material orb. For God is a spirit. His nature is essentially moral, and He cannot have made the moral and spiritual system of things less perfect than his outward and coarser handiwork. Let us consider, then, some of these moral perturbations, and inquire what the compensation must be.

And first, there is a perturbation of the human heart in view of death, and, so far as we can see, it is peculiar to the human heart. The animal seems to have no proper fear of death; he knows nothing of that peculiar horror with which the soul of man starts back aghast from the gulf of annihilation. That horror and perturbation belong to human nature. It is made a part of us by the Author of our nature. It is felt not by the bad and conscience-stricken only; but by the good and self-approving also. Indeed, in proportion as faithful culture has opened the nobler faculties and expanded the better affections towards God and man, it is felt more deeply.

What, then, is it that thus draws our heart aside from the orbit of mortality, and makes it unwilling to keep true to the line that leads only to the grave? Shall we not conclude, like the astronomer, that it is another world, another system of moral being, that attracts and claims fellowship with it, and sways it up and on, over the white mark of the inscribed tombstone,—a real world, though yet unseen by human eye,—a world more glorious than the present, though no ray of it has yet actually reached us—a world that shall yet at length swim out from the darkness and distance, in which it is now kept and mysteriously involved, and when the veil of blinding flesh is taken off, and our eye purged of these mists of mortal ignorance, rush into the field of vision, and to those who doubt or believe, appear as a majestic reality?

There is a second perturbation of the human heart in view of *sin*. It feels that it was made for holiness, that its true nature is not (as it has been called) evil and depraved, but that it is constituted of God to love and worship and be like Him. And yet it is aware how short it falls of

the noble mark. It is led away by appetite and passion, it succumbs to the power of temptation, it is wounded and sorely scarred in its enlistments in the base service of sin, and it moves but halt and slowly in the race of well-doing and virtue which its Creator ordained.

But, note and confess this fact: it is not content thus; it mourns bitterly over its backwardness; it is remorseful at its transgressions; it repents of its excesses; it calls itself an outcast, an enemy of God, yea, a thing of shame and wo, in the extravagance of its sorcer mortification; and yet, notwithstanding, even in its degradation, it cries out with inextinguishable hope, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" for it feels, in the intensest experience which its consciousness reveals, that this guilty shame is not its appointed and final destiny. By the grace of God and its own conspiring it must be cleansed from these stains, whose defilement is eating into its life and destroying its peace.

It sees however the road to perfection running before it, no short, no smooth, no level pathway, but long, and rough, and interminably ascending; and if the date of mortal existence be its date, then it must fail of its destiny: aye, in its best, purest developement,—in the most perfect of men, it is still short of the mark, as they, especially, with an honest sadness confess. Yes, if that quiet enclosure of the body's resting-place, with its thick-strewn hillocks, over which the shadows play from the rustling leaves and creaking boughs of the trees,—if that be the term of all,—then there is a perturbation of the human heart, for which no compensation exists,—then there is a break in the order of the Divine workmanship,—then the moral world is ajar and unbalanced, while the material world, in all its parts and systems, rolls on and sings, as it shines, in everlasting harmony,—then the heavy clods of the narrow pit press down, not upon an exhausted and decaying organization merely, but upon the untimely interruption, upon the unaccountable failure, upon the miserable wreck of the finer and spiritual fabrics, the vessels of an excelling honor, launched on their career with the strongest and most determined impulse of the hand of Omnipotence; launched with yet loftier and farther reaching aims than those lustrous globes sailing on their eternal voyage through the heavens. But no! the very thoughts refuse to pursue the absurd and impious hypothesis. "A just weight and balance are the Lord's." And the moral explorer of God's works, as well as the material, concludes upon the existence of another world,—though yet unseen by actual vision, another world to balance and complete the present. Does it not indeed lie off there in the depths of his power, held aloft steadily by His Almightiness, even as the sparkling sphere

that rides inconceivably remote along its sure but trackless way through measureless space to adjust and finish the balance of the material creation ?

Yes, thou swift traveller through the unfathomable deeps, — untraceable but by the wondrously marking pencil of science, — one of the morning stars that sang together over the fastened foundations and laid corner-stone of earth ! — thou teachest me a lesson of my Maker's justice, as rounding every mass, and with his plummet ruling every motion, and speeding along every imponderable beam of material splendor, to make His boundless universe perfect as a diamond-scale through all its vastness, finished exactly to the finest stroke and particle : and justice stopping ? — oh no, *not* stopping in its marvellous quality and matchless workmanship there, but running on with equity as infallible into the moral world, into the soul of man. Thou seeme to speak with a never before perceived utterance, and from thy high post and divine watchtower, (as though that were the purpose of thy discovery,) to declare that there is a spiritual eternity corresponding to the material infinity ; that man's observations and conceptions are not baseless illusions, but the figures and shadows of a transcendent and now incomprehensible reality ; a reality not less but *greater* than our most enlarged and glowing fancy. And though mute, save in reason's ear, thou dost prophesy to the faithful struggler with sin and temptation here, a future freedom from these disturbances in a world to come !

There is one more perturbation of the human heart in the view of *sorrow*. Linked together by the strong and various affections of life, we might be almost indisposed to look beyond the revolutions of this earthly scene. But if we are tempted to feel thus, the severing of the links in the sweet chain of domestic and social love, and the disappearance of the objects to which our whole being tended, soon comes to disturb this worldly orbit in which we have moved, and then our hearts sway from the earthly line, and go in search of the beloved. They are still affected by those objects though invisible ; and, with yearning desire, they feel after them, if haply they may find them. As even heathen fable represents men as penetrating to the shades below in search of those dear to them, so the heart, educated in a better school, soars into the brightness above after the forms of the departed. It is never quite at rest in this lower atmosphere after their removal. It forsakes its ordinary path of action, and diverges from its habitual track of meditation. It veers from its present ecliptic of being, however clear and sunny that earthly ecliptic may be. It feels the perturbation of sorrow ! And is it a causeless and unmeaning perturbation, referring to no substance, but excited in us by the Author of our frame for our mere mockery,

baffling, and torment? Is there nothing but a blank, rayless void beyond corresponding to it? Oh no—these beating and sorrow-perturbed hearts before me cry out, Not so! There is a world there, a world of splendor, an inhabited and social world, a world larger and more comprehensive than ours, a more spacious mansion in our Father's great house—our home—and for all the faithful, Death, God's angel, but waiting to open the door.

Oh, Death, even as we gaze at the clay-cold ruins thou hast made, we feel it is so. As we trace the surviving influence of the disinterested and good, we feel it is so. Truly may it be said of the "loved, revered and honored head" which thou takest, that, even as it lies low and still upon the bier, "thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious." * * "Strike, shadow, strike! and see his good deeds springing from the ground to sow the world with life immortal." See, if thou canst, beyond thy dark precincts, the released spirit, from the solitary death-bed or from the whelming sea, wing its way on an endless career of excellence!

From the peaceful purity of private life, and even from the guilt-stained scenes of earth, come testimonies that this beating and perturbed heart of man is made for a loftier destiny.

When, on that southern field, where we are waging this deplorable war, the Mexican woman comes out with comforts in her hands for suffering friend and foe mingling together in conflict, and is shot down by a chance bullet, and the soldiers afterwards with a touched feeling suspend their deadly strife on the soil ploughed by the cannon-ball, to give her decent burial, (well reversing their arms to dig that grave!) who does not feel that the human heart, though passionate, and though polluted, is yet appointed to a greater fate beyond the dust of the valley?

Our subject suggests one reflection respecting that Christian faith, which answers our longing interrogations of the future, and confirms all our best reasonings.

It is strange that any of the spiritualizing philosophers of the day should be incredulous as to the miraculous works and resurrection of Christ,—these facts so congenially meet the mind in its loftiest flights into the regions of spiritual truth,—meet it, not to contradict, not to narrow, not to baulk, but to illuminate, to exalt, and carry on its researches. These facts are the very crown of the intellect and soul of man.

Our argument to-day has been a rational argument, suggested by nature and encouraged by Scripture. But it lands us on the firm shore of the Christian revelation. It ends at the shining sepulchre of Jesus.

It brings us to his glorious ascension, not as an appearance portentous and disorderly in God's universe, not as a history to be cavilled at as monstrous, and gnawed by the tooth of a jealous, unbelieving criticism, but to be accepted, welcomed, as something most probable and natural for God to do. While our minds strive and reason, let us thank Him for this superhuman instruction on a point so momentous. Even as the observations of the astronomer turned supposition into fact in regard to the planet, so Jesus Christ has actually revealed the world which the human mind had conjectured and made calculations upon. By his works he is the verifier of man's loftiest ideas. He has sailed across the gulf of time, and disclosed the continent of eternity; he has dispersed the mists of the grave, and unveiled the world of spirits. Human hope had earnestly longed for, human imagination had brightly pictured, human reason had almost foreshown, that unbounded continent, that upper world, as the soul's immortal habitation; but no Columbus of the earth or the heavens had actually discovered it. Jesus Christ visited its shores, and came back with the tidings of its real existence. It is no longer the bourn from which no traveller has returned. We may still trace the analogies that indicate, and make the rational calculations that predict, and draw the images in our fancy that adorn it. Yet let us not slight, but greet with grateful souls the confirmations of supernatural evidence, by which our Saviour manifests and makes it sure. The Christian does not deprecate examination of his faith. And yet, oh Doubt, and oh Scepticism, could you prove the omens of man's immortality to be all empty and fallacious, boast not your triumph!

"Let wisdom smile not on her conquered field,
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed,"

as you dig the pit in this universal grave of the earth's crust, and bury all the beauty, all the goodness, all the glory of the world! Boast not, smile not, but hang the head in sorrow and shame as you tell your melancholy story. But no! these omens cannot be made hollow to the human soul. Especially that great and wondrous omen, (but the climax of an ascending series,) of our Lord's broken tombstone, will be significant forever. It meets indeed the perturbations of the human heart, to make them quiet and peaceful. It turns those perturbations into predictions. Whether our minds are excited or unexcited, whether our reasonings are strong or feeble, whether our imaginations glow or darken, this great omen of a risen Redeemer still cheers us. For it brings that future world out of the darkness in which it had revolved, to roll in celestial splendor to every believer's eye, and gleam with inextinguishable promise to all generations.

"N A C H R U F."

FROM UHLAND.

THOU, mother, didst watch, the light of day
Upon my infant brow to trace ;
And gazing on thy pallid face,
I 've seen heaven's sunshine fade away.

A grave, oh mother, is hollowed for thee,
In the well known spot, where echoes no sound ;
The trees of our home shall thy shelter be ;
Flowers shall not fail to bloom on thy mound.

Thou liest therein ! the look the sods hide
Of pain and of peace will never depart ;
Nor to rise again is to thee denied,
The grave I have hollowed is deep in my heart.

How soon in silence died the hymn
The mourners sang for thee !
But in my heart soft voices sing,
Of thee, unceasingly.

Scarce the earth was o'er thee laid,
A friend with sorrow deep
Came, with roses sweet, and strewed
Thy quiet house of sleep.

At thy head, two softly glowing,
At thy feet, two darker rest ;
But the white, the ever blowing,
He has planted on thy breast.

A faded leaf sinks at my feet,
With sunbeams scorched, with rain-drops wet ;
Ah ! when this leaf was green and new,
Still I had parents loved and true.

How quickly fades a leaf away,
The child of Spring, the Autumn's prey !
Yet this frail leaf, so lightly moved,
Has long outlived the ones I loved.

SYMPATHY.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

"They spake not a word: for they saw that his grief was very great." Job.

THE tendering of sympathy is one of the most delicate offices of friendship. There are those by whom words of consolation, coming like a healing balm, are gratefully received; and there are others to whom a silent pressure of the hand is more acceptable than all other ministrations of sympathy.

When the friends of Job came into his presence and saw his head bowed with the weight of his unexampled sorrows, "they spake not a word: for they saw that his grief was very great;" and to many hearts, the uttering of a word in the first hallowed moments of bereavement is rather annoying than comforting. The motive which prompts the offering alone renders it endurable; and he, who by wordless but active demonstrations of interest, proves his deep sympathy, has the warmest hold upon the heart.

Deep feeling, whether it be sympathy, love or gratitude is generally noiseless, and we are not apt to believe that those who express the most are the most deeply affected by our sorrows. Let those upon whom this delicate task of comforting the afflicted may fall,— and upon whom does it not fall before the middle period of life? — let such approach the bleeding wound with a careful touch, lest it be deepened rather than healed. *All* may not approach the mourner in the character of sympathizing friends. Grief is too sacred, and the stranger must intermeddle not. The nearest and dearest, they who share in the loss, are the most desired companions in the earlier seasons of sorrow.

It may be said there are strangers among us, widely separated from those whose precious prerogative it should be to administer the balm of consolation. Let me not be thought desirous of counteracting that Christian charity which seeks the forsaken and desolate, and makes them the recipients of kindly words and deeds. Only let the office be delicately performed, that gratitude may not be swallowed up in heart-burnings and a long train of disturbed and offended feelings.

Let no one intrude upon the mourner's privacy when it can be avoided; and let the comforter wait for the confidence which he may not ask lest it be considered that the interest manifested is dictated more by curiosity than sympathy. The poor are oftentimes jealous of the motive which prompts the stranger's call; but one who has studied the

human heart and learned in part its mysteries, knows the method by which to allay suspicion and open the current of kindlier, gentler feelings. Pride must not enter the lowly dwelling of poverty ; haughty dictation must clothe itself in humility ; and he who would truly sympathize with the mourner and console him, must be one whose heart responds to every call of pity, and who, himself having suffered, hath been rendered purer by the ordeal.

Jesus spake no word when first he approached the burial group of Bethany. He wept ! Oh, how eloquent the tears dictated by such love and pity,—the outpouring of a sympathy too keenly felt for words to express. Though we may not like him restore the dead to the arms of the living, we can weep with the mourner and become imitators of a compassion boundless as eternity.

THE FIRST SACRIFICE.

BY MRS. H. V. CHENEY.

SLOW o'er Judea's sacred plains, the shades
Of evening fell. Around the vine-clad hills,
With verdure crowned, fair twilight wreathed her
Golden veil, and old Euphrates' silver
Stream flashed brightly in the parting ray. Rich,
On the dewy air, rose up the mingled sweets
Of odorous flowers, and delicate fruits,
Which grew unpluck'd in that fair garden,—lost
By disobedience, — our first parents' sin,—
And guarded by archangels' flaming swords,
Lest their repentant feet should e'er return.

But not confined to that lost Paradise,
The presence of the Lord. His goodness filled
The universe : and from the fruitful earth's
Deep solitudes arose the ceaseless song
Of gratitude ;—meet incense to the Source
And Giver of all good.

Beneath the vaulted sky, Adam and Eve
Stood in their loneliness. The voice of God
Which erst in Eden's bowers, distinct and clear,

Spake in the whispering breeze, no longer
To their outward sense revealed His holy will ;
But to their inmost souls the mercy which
Delayed their doom spake of forgiving love,
And blessings unrevealed.

Lowly they knelt, upon the grassy turf, —
Fresh from the hand of God, and clothed with grace
And majesty, such as no mortals since
Have worn : created to immortal life,
Yet, by one fatal act, condemned to death's
Dominion, — dark, unknown, — from which their souls
Shrank trembling ; with deep remorse, and humble
Penitence, they bend, to seek the favor
And forgiveness of their Judge, and offer,
At hishest, a sacrifice for sin.

Held by a flowery chain, Eve's gentle hand
Restrained the gambols of a snowy lamb,
The firstling of her flock, whose innocent,
Meek confidence, smote her full heart with pity
And remorse.

At God's command, Adam prepared the stones,
And reared an altar to his awful name,
And on the sacred pile, mysterious rite !
The spotless victim laid. Silence profound
And deep, reigned o'er the solemn scene. The stars
Looked down from their pure depths, and the young moon
Poured from her silver urn a flood of light.
The feathered warblers ceased their thrilling lays,
And scarce in evening's soft and balmy breath
Quivered the aspen's leaf.

The heartfelt prayer, pure from their contrite souls
Rose up to Heaven ; and lo ! descending thence,
A lambent flame consumed the smitten lamb.
Visible symbol of forgiving love, —
Prophetic type of that great sacrifice, —
Far nobler, — which God's love vouchsafed to send,
In his good time, to bless and save mankind !

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. IV.

PAMPHLETS and books have been for some time accumulating on our table, for which we cannot forbear to return at least our grateful acknowledgments. When such favors are addressed to us as an editor, we take it for granted their authors or publishers, as the case may be, are willing we should speak of them; and that they are equally willing that we should speak of them as we think,—the only rule in the matter that is either comfortable or honest.

We are indebted to Mr. Ewer, the publisher, for his modern edition of the quaint old sermon of Robert Cushman, entitled, "The Sin and Danger of Self-Love, Described in a Sermon Preached at Plymouth in New England, 1621. With a Memoir of the Author." It is more like a sermon of one of the ministers of the period, than lay discourses generally are. Aside from the eventful life of the man, and the historical associations connected with it, there is nothing about it that should give it any distinction over the better class of the early New England sermons. It is methodical enough, and scriptural enough, and pithy and homely enough, for the most puritanical taste. It would be well if all lay-homilies, and clerical too, were as well digested.—Rev. Mr. Fosdick's "Thanksgiving Sermon on Temperance," preached at the Hollis St. Church, has received several notices in other journals. We are surprised that, in objecting to its doctrine, one or two able critics should have taken their ground on the general principle that a preacher should not direct his preaching much against sins or errors that prevail out of his own congregation. It seems to us that there is such an affinity between all sins and all errors, and that they are so diffusive, and that the characters embraced within even a small assembly represent such a variety of shades both of opinion and morality, that no man, in a centre of intelligence and action like Boston, can be reasonably called to account for preaching and printing a single discourse upon evils that exist out of his own parish rather than within it. Granted that the Hollis St. Society do not stand in pressing need of the exhortation contained in this sermon, yet we think Mr. Fosdick might have very good reasons for preaching it there notwithstanding. The contrary rule, followed out, would very much circumscribe, we apprehend, the range of pulpit instruction, and impair both its dignity and power. But though we do not object to the sermon in question on this ground, we object to it on other, and to us more important grounds. All the individual assertions and statements of a given production may

be true in themselves, and taken separately acceptable ; while they may be so put together, that in the aggregate, and in the impression left by their collocation, they may teach false doctrine. This is the case with the discourse in hand. It promulgates error, in our judgment ; and as much by what it takes pains to omit, as by what it contains. Under the head of " War," the preacher departs from his general plan of merely condemning extravagance and abuse, and enters on a discussion, a discussion in which we are so unfortunate as to disagree with him entirely. But the grand difficulty with us, we are ready to confess, is to conceive how a bearer of Christ's message, consecrated in his whole life and purposes to the building up of the kingdom of Christian righteousness, doing the work that Christ did, spreading his Gospel of liberty, virtue and peace, and ridding humanity of its oppressions, burdens, vices and sins,—how a man all alive and in earnest with this grand work, could find it in his way, or could find time, to write, stand and deliver, and then print a sermon on such enormous iniquities as intemperance, war and slavery, and such a sad evil as poverty, and yet say so little for their abolition, so much in rebuke of their sometimes injudicious opponents. The disproportion is remarkable, and rather deplorable. Let us add, that we have, with good reasons for it, entire confidence in the integrity of the preacher's ministerial aims, and the perfect sincerity of the convictions here expressed.—Dr. Gannett's address before the " Young Men's Total Abstinence Society," is a clear and fair presentation of the present attitude of the reform,—including a calm exhibition of the mistakes attending the movements of some of its advocates, with a cogent appeal, to young men especially, in behalf of the virtues of self-control, firmness, manly resistance of temptation, and a zealous devotion to the practice and diffusion of temperance.—A sermon on " Christian Union " by Rev. Augustus R. Pope of Kingston is for the most part an earnest protest against the principles and the spirit of what we suppose may be called the " late " London Evangelical Alliance. Mr. Pope writes in a vigorous, direct style, and puts his doctrine well.—The " Papers on the Slave Power, by John G. Palfrey," have been read, we trust, by all the readers of these pages. They put that perplexed subject on its real merits, in a clear light. As specimens of comprehensive, lucid, convincing argumentation, combining a forcible assertion of general principles with a searching application of them to specific evils, they are worthy of any scholar's study. Their rhetoric is of the terse, drastic, racy kind ; and they proceed from a spirit equally independent and humane, fearless and compassionate. Massachusetts may congratulate herself that such a man as Mr. Palfrey is to represent her in Congress,—the jealous sneers and contemptible

whinings of the "Christian Watchman" to the contrary notwithstanding.—Rev. Jason Whitman's Lecture before the American Institute at Plymouth last August, on "Home Preparation for School," is full of sound sense and valuable suggestions. Every observer of the sad deficiencies in parental management and domestic culture must feel deeply the importance of the theme and the excellence of this discussion of it.—We notice with pleasure, in this connection, the appearance of the Prospectuses of a Monthly magazine and a Weekly newspaper to be devoted to the general interests of education in its various departments, published in Boston, conducted by Joseph W. Ingraham, Esq., and both promising to be journals of a superior order of merit.—We have received No. 4 of Mr. Allen's Inquiry concerning the Views, Principles, Services and Influences of the Leading Men, in the Origin-ation of our Union, &c.,"—a work which increases in interest as it goes on; which is skilfully and industriously managed; which provides reading that every American ought to prize and be familiar with, and compared with which the great masses of cheap printed matter that float out of our bookstores are as chaff to the wheat. We bespeak for it the favorable attention of all lovers of their country and all good ad-visers of the young.—"The Christian Observatory" is the aspiring title of a new monthly "Religious and Monthly Magazine," edited by A. W. McClure, and under the auspices of Calvinism in Boston. We hope to find it an able, profitable and agreeable co-laborer in the cause of Christian righteousness. Theologically it looks, for the present, a little bristling and bustling; how formidable it will actually prove, no man knoweth. As an illustration of the adage that straws are as useful for a certain meteorological purpose as weathercocks, it may be men-tioned that the very first article in the Editor's Table contains an apology for the non-Unitarian-church-building architect, Mr. Upjohn. The man needs defenders; but this is the first attempt of the kind we have seen (except one in the Christian Witness, which of course felt bound to spread its *segis* over so faithful a comrade,) though we have found enough of both Episcopal and Calvinistic sects to call the act foolish and narrow; and perhaps we ought not to complain that the author of it has not done well what could not have been done otherwise than ill. He unfortunately makes two confessions, that give a most infelicitous impression, the one of his philosophy and the other of his associates. He regards *conscience* as "an *appendage* to the *moral nature*;" and then, with singular naivete, he says that a man with a conscience is a great "rarity." Pray, where can his observations have been conduct-ed, and what will his friends, the Rev. Messrs. Adams, Aiken, Beecher, Kirk, Smith, &c. &c. whose names are cordially subscribed to his

prospectus, and their parishes, say to this outrageous imputation? Such pleasantry will require "discipline." If he means a conscience like Mr. Upjohn's, we are glad to believe the phenomenon is a rarity. — A Sermon on "Immortal Life," and another on "Merchants," by Rev. Theodore Parker, are instructive and eloquent performances. The former presents powerfully one side of a subject which, however, has more sides than one; and the latter contains elevated views of the opportunities, influence and duty of the mercantile profession, views such as cannot be disseminated in the community without large benefit; and also serious warnings against the particular temptations of that profession. There are two poor little pieces of affectation that we really wish, for Mr. Parker's sake, he would abandon, for they are unworthy of him. One is the habit he persists in of writing "A Sermon of" anything, "A Sermon of Immortal Life," "of Merchants;" it is the affectation, not the impropriety, that we object to. And the other is his pains-taking defiance of canonical texts. No man can afford to be weak even in small matters, if he can help it, as Mr. Parker can abundantly. Mr. Parker also has a habit of speaking as if he were the only man now living that rebukes prevailing sins — which is a mistake. — The last number of the "New Englander" has the usual variety of interesting and well-written articles. That on the "Cause and Cure of Sectarianism," we should be glad to transfer to our own columns, for it would greatly enrich them. It is a most remarkable production to appear in a periodical having the slightest odor of or affinity to Calvinism. There is another article, on "Unitarianism in New York." It is written by one "J. P. T.," who appears to have singled out Liberal Christianity, (we judge from this and a previous article under the same signature, on "The Dilemma of Unitarianism,") for his peculiar antagonist. We believe we know who the gentleman is, and it is a curious fact that, while he undertakes in this article to slur Unitarianism as "practising the amenities of life in divers collations and public tea-parties, and making well-spiced speeches about war and slavery Mexico and Texas," the only occasion on which we ever had the honor to see this grave and austere censor of such frivolities, he stood in the midst of the fumes and cups of a very lively "collation," at New York, in the act of making a "speech," sedulously enough intended to be popular, but in the course of which he made some observations so "well-spiced" on those same topics, "war and slavery, Mexico and Texas," as to call down upon him a volley of hisses. So far forth as that sentiment goes, he was right and the hissers were wrong; but what business has a Christian gentleman to go home from such an entertainment and such an effort, and sit down to write squibs and personalities

for a dignified Review, about the festive propensities of his neighbors? He presumes, with an ignorance that would be rebukable for its wickedness if it were not ridiculous for its greenness, to flout Unitarianism as a system of formal proprieties and social elegancies; and before he has done, perpetrates the flat self-contradiction of prophesying joyfully that it never can take root in the fashionable and elegant society of New York city. Speculations of this sort are among the most wretched and pitiable ebullitions of a bad-tempered bigotry. They bear the same relation to a high minded and generous attack upon us, that a mud-scow bears to a majestic ship of the line. Hard blows, given as a man gives, we can take and will try to return; but miserable gibes, slings, taunts, malicious aspersions, jealous misrepresentations,—these are too low for refutation, too impotent to cause us any anxiety. "J. P. T." has taken it into his head to arraign Unitarianism as being sadly deficient in a learned and profound theology. If he will take the trouble to turn to the eighteenth and the following pages of the Unitarian Annual Register, of which he seems to have a copy, he will soon find the names of some twenty or thirty living ministers of our faith, either one of whom has written and published arguments enough to abolish that web of tangled inconsistencies and absurdities,—modern Calvinism; arguments that have not been, and will not be met, matched and answered, by all the jangling and discordant dialectics of New Haven, Princeton and Andover together. We advise this glib and superficial periodicalist to shut himself up in his study and make himself acquainted with the scholarship, the reasoning, the philosophy and the divinity of Liberal Christians; and when the beard of his theological manhood has grown he may venture to step out to be extinguished and die decently at the hands of some fifth rate Unitarian controversialist. — We have received from Crosby & Nichols several valuable volumes: Rev. A. P. Peabody's Sermons of Christian Consolation, which deserve and are destined without doubt to hold a prominent place in this difficult department of writing, and soothe a multitude of sorrows; Rev. Mr. Miles' Collection of Thoughts from the Writings of Channing, which has already had a circulation that will only grow wider and wider; "Hymns, Songs and Fables for Young People," by Mrs. Follen, whose genius in producing and skill in compiling the reading that is interesting and instructive for children is pre-eminent, as appears not only from this book, but from "The Child's Friend;" Rev. T. B. Fox's Sunday School Book on the "Acts of the Apostles," a supplement to "The Ministry of Christ," and enough praised when it is pronounced worthy to be the successor of that popular manual; and "When are we Happiest," a story by the author of "The Boy of Spirit," showing that

real happiness is the companion only of goodness, and illustrating this truth by a pleasant succession of incidents. Munroe & Co. have conferred a favor on all denominations by issuing a new edition of Dr. Noyes' Translation of the Psalms, for this work has now become a portion of standard Theological Literature, and has lately been sought by many persons who have been disappointed to find the former edition exhausted; they have also published that touching and beautiful record of youthful virtue and manly nobleness of character, the "Memoir of Robert Swain." We are glad to see that Francis & Co. have commenced a uniform edition of the discourses of Dr. Dewey. The volume before us contains three hundred and ninety-six pages, and comprises twenty-four as remarkable sermons as were ever preached from a Christian pulpit, on Human Nature, Human Life, and the Nature of Religion.

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG !

" WHEN earth produces free and fair,
The golden waving corn ;
When fragrant fruits perfume the air,
And fleecy flocks are shorn ;
While thousands move with aching head,
And sing the ceaseless song —
' We starve, we die, oh, give us bread ! '
There must be something wrong.

When wealth is wrought as seasons roll
From off the fruitful soil ;
When luxury from pole to pole,
Reaps fruit from human toil ;
When from a thousand, one alone
In plenty rolls along,
The others only gnaw the bone,
There must be something wrong."

INTELLIGENCE.

THE PREVENTION OF PAUPERISM.—We are happy to quote the following very sensible remarks from a late number of the London Inquirer upon the discrimination that is required to prevent almsgiving, especially when it takes the form of public charity, from becoming a bounty upon idleness, improvidence, or crime even. The abuses of the English Poor Laws were so great that an undue reaction may have taken place in Great Britain under the new system. Still the Commissioners of Parliament at whose instigation the change was made, certainly had the principles of truth and justice upon their side. Nor can we doubt that their reform in this great department may be made consistent with the dictates of good feeling.

We fear that the course of things in the large towns of our own country is altogether too much in the direction of the evils of the English system. We are fully persuaded that an imperious necessity will lead us, before long, to enter upon a similar reform to that of our British brethren. A difficulty or obstacle, of no slight moment, may be removed, by the simple substitution of the views that we are about to quote, for certain vague feelings and morbid impulses engraven upon the American mind by too many of the writers of the lighter English literature, of the last ten years.

"We have no sympathy whatever with the abuse which is heaped on the existing Poor-law, by a certain class of philanthropists and politicians, because it is chary in giving, and strict in requiring. We are confident that free giving, even from those who have much, is not what lessens pauperism, and really improves the condition of the working classes. It is well ascertained, that a very large proportion of those who suffer the extreme of poverty, do so as the consequence of vicious habits, and many of the remainder through culpable improvidence; whilst a very large proportion of what is raised for the relief of the poor, is taken from those whose honest industry can no more than supply their own pressing wants. These things form no reason for suffering men to perish unheeded, or for treating them with cruelty and harshness; but they afford excellent reasons for not making the pauper's condition a desirable one, and for administering what is needed with great caution against offering any encouragement to idleness or vice. The plain principle of a rational Poor-law is, that society will provide a resource against the extremes of destitution, but that it will leave other help to the Christian benevolence of those who have the means of affording it; and will use every fair means to discourage those who can support themselves, from throwing themselves on the public, and to make the condition of the pauper, on the whole, less desirable than that of the independent laborer.

"In carrying out this view, indulgence, to a certain degree, is due to the aged, even if their own conduct has brought their misfortunes upon them, because it is too late to improve them, and their condition, at the best, is a sufficiently sad warning; but even indulgence to them must have its strict limits. Children should be made comfortable, educated, and introduced into life, as favorably as possible; the object with them is to produce the greatest probability of their becoming virtuous, useful, and happy members of society, and

thus being no further burdensome when once disposed of: to this end, expense should not be grudged in educating them well, and rendering them vigorous, cheerful, intelligent, and well-disposed. As to those of the intermediate ages, usually described as able-bodied, whatever we may think of the claim of *right* set up for them, we do not doubt the wisdom of society making public provision against the extremes of destitution: sufficiency, for health and comfort, of clothing and wholesome food, with proper lodging, ought to be afforded those who are reduced to depend upon it, but only in return for labor, and under such restraints as will make the condition of a pauper, on the whole, inferior, and especially so in the estimation of the idle and self-indulgent, to that of even the less prosperous independent workmen. Stern necessity demands this. We *wish* every one of our fellow-creatures possessed of plenty and comfort. The good man, if he only knew how, would gladly make great sacrifices for the sake of a small approach towards this object; but pauperising the country, pressing hard on the resources of the frugal and industrious to support those who, as a class, have certainly not been equally frugal and industrious, and eating out, by forced contributions, yielding no return, the capital which is the future hope of the laborer, certainly is not improving the condition of the people, and it is absolute blindness to suppose that it is. The object of wise and safe Poor-laws is merely to avert the ultimate evils of utter destitution. To make the pauper class as happy as we should desire to see them, is not the object proposed, simply because it is known to be impossible, and it is plainly perceived that the vain attempt would involve all in a common ruin. We are grieved — aye sick at heart — in thinking of the hardships of the poor sufferer, in and out of the workhouse, and we desire above most things, to know what can be rationally done for their benefit; but we do not believe that abusing the Poor-law, for its unavoidable and wise strictness, is any benefit to the poor: we are sure that it tends to depress rather than to elevate them. The means and instruments for carrying the law into effect, being, from the necessity of the case, very unsatisfactory, great watchfulness is required to guard against abuses; and we should sympathize warmly in any endeavor to expose harsh treatment, or insufficient supplies, and to punish misconduct, did we not plainly see that there have been many instances of cases being grossly exaggerated, and even falsified, by influential organs, to serve a purpose; and that all such cases, instead of being exposed and punished as individual offences or instances of mean and sordid economy in guardians, are represented as the designed effect of the law, which is set forth as being oppressive and cruel, and intended only to serve the interests of the rich."

THE ASSOCIATIONISTS. — Rev. W. H. Channing is preaching for the present on Sabbath afternoons, in a hall in Bromfield Street, to an audience that are understood to be friends of the social doctrines of Fourier. A series of lectures illustrating and advocating Fourierism is in course of delivery at the Masonic Temple. Channing, Ripley, Dana, Brisbane, Horace Greeley, and J. S. Dwight are the lecturers.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE. — A Baptist association meeting at Shelburne Falls, a little village in the western part of Massachusetts, lately recorded on their minutes the following striking statement, as a preamble to some resolutions: “Whereas the world is now made almost entirely dependent on the Baptists of the world for faithful translations of the sacred oracles, and whereas the American and Foreign Baptist Society are engaged in preparing and circulating such versions, Therefore, resolved, &c.”!

IRISH PROTESTANT SOCIETY.—We had occasion, not long since, to give a brief notice of the formation of an Irish Protestant Society in Boston. We have now the pleasure of informing our readers that its minister appears to be not only a zealous and devoted, but a liberal man; sufficiently so to exchange pulpits with Unitarian ministers. Over this encouraging fact, a correspondent of the Boston Recorder, through a column or thereabouts of that paper, sniffs. He found himself, it seems, one afternoon, at the Chapel, listening to a Unitarian preacher; whereupon, with as pious a horror as if Apollyon himself had stood in the pulpit, he rushed into the open air, choked with rage and discomfiture. The best part of the story is that, on his own confession, his suspicions of the preacher's heresy were first aroused, not by anything he heard, not by his sentiments at all, but by the *absence of a foreign accent*, and a *peculiar modulation of the voice*. Hear him once: "Unitarianism is no more like what Presbyterian worship ought to be, than Lucifer in a yellow satin gown would be like an angel of light."

FOREIGN.

"BIRMINGHAM UNITARIAN DOMESTIC MISSION."—On Sunday, November 1, two sermons were preached, on behalf of the Sunday and Daily Schools connected with the above-named institution, in the Mission Chapel, Hurst-street, by the Rev. W. A. Jones of Northampton.

The morning attendance was very respectable, several friends being present from the other three Unitarian congregations of the town, thereby manifesting unabated interest and sympathy in the labor of love their hands have established. The evening's attendance was very large, the commodious edifice being completely filled.

The morning's sermon, from Matt. v. 14, was a very admirable exposition of Christian duties, and the necessity of doing all in our power to adorn by our lives and spread the principles of the Gospel.

The sermon for the evening was founded on the touching parable of the Good Samaritan; and never, perhaps, was that most affecting narrative more truthfully and happily illustrated. The eloquent preacher placed, with life-like accuracy, and with the most beautiful simplicity, the whole scene before our eyes. The stately form and the echoing footsteps of the priest, racking the heart of the poor wounded traveller, sick by hope deferred, when he passed by on the other side; the Levite looking on him, but, fearful of legal defilement, or of the coming foe, not daring to touch him; the good and courageous Samaritan, not inquiring whether the wayfarer was Jew or Gentile, virtuous or depraved, but seeing in him a man,—a child of God, having one Father,—comforting and aiding, to the extent of his ability,—all were placed before us with an energy and truthfulness that must have powerfully impressed every one present with the necessity of his going and doing likewise, with the obligation he was under to raise the fallen, instruct the ignorant, and reclaim the erring.

The children, of whom about three hundred were present,—many more being prevented coming from illness,—sung with great precision, and in the most pleasing style, Steele's fine hymn—"There is a glorious world on high," the tune having been composed for the occasion by the leader of the choir. Indeed, the singing throughout the day was marked by great chasteness, sweetness and appropriateness: it had the additional merit of being entirely vocal.—The collections were about fifteen pounds--rather larger than usual.

On the next evening, according to annual custom, a tea-meeting was held

in the chapel, the tickets being put at a very low price. Three hundred persons partook of this refreshment; and, at the conclusion of the repast,

The Minister of the chapel (Mr. Bowring) was called to the chair, who, after giving out a hymn, proceeded to congratulate his audience on the present animating scene, and the continued success of their efforts. He strongly urged increased attention to the large and well-chosen library of the chapel, and mentioned the new and pleasing features that had lately manifested themselves in connection with the Mission — the establishment of a Provident Society, and the course of gratuitous lectures now delivering at the chapel, and which, hitherto, have proved most successful.

A vote of thanks to the preacher of the preceding day was proposed, in a brief but energetic address, by G. S. Kenrick, Esq., and seconded by Mr. Holden; and the following sentiments were spoken to, in a manner that found a response in every heart, by the friends whose names are appended to them:

“Education, the birthright of every human being; may it speedily and powerfully influence the minds and hearts of all mankind.” — Mr. Earl; supported by Mr. W. Lowe, jr.

“Success to every effort made in the spirit of the Gospel to free men from the bondage of sin, on the one hand, and of ignorance and superstition on the other.” — Rev. H. Hutton; supported by Mr. Hinds.

“The Gospel of Jesus Christ, pure and undefiled, man’s rich inheritance, and the sinner’s only hope.” — G. S. Kenrick; supported by Mr. Arnold.

It was mentioned that the daily schools were progressing in the most satisfactory manner; one very pleasing fact in connection with them was noticed, that of a boy who, for bad conduct, had been expelled from several schools, and whose parents had almost despaired of correcting his evil propensities, had, under Mr. Arnold’s judicious management, become attentive, mild and obliging, and was, decidedly, one of the best pupils in the school.

Mr. Bowring having vacated the chair, the Rev. T. Evans of Kingswood was called to it, when a vote of thanks to the late chairman was moved by Mr. Lowe, and seconded by Mr. Kenrick; and having been briefly acknowledged, after the hymn, “Lord dismiss us,” had been sung, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Hutton, the company separated at half past eight, — all, we trust, pleased, and, we hope, also stimulated to renewed exertion, by the proceedings of this most interesting anniversary.

“PAPAL REFORMS.” — We have seen a letter just received by a gentleman resident in this town from a relative now in Rome, giving some interesting particulars of the reforms and improvements, actual and prospective, resulting from the liberal policy of the present Pope. It appears that his holiness is far from showing any disposition to change the policy which has created so much enthusiasm in his favor amongst not only his own subjects, but the people of the neighboring states. He gives a public audience every week, to which any person desirous of making a personal appeal to him is readily admitted. All the public offices of the government, which were previously on a very extravagant scale, have been remodelled, with the strictest attention to economy; and several of the cardinals, who showed a disposition to thwart the views of the Pope — amongst them, Cardinal Lambruschini, the late secretary of state — have been ordered to repair to their bishoprics in the country. Not only are railroads about to be formed in the country, but an English company is about to light the city with gas; and even the establishment of an English newspaper is announced. It is understood at Rome that all these proceedings are viewed with great alarm and dissatisfaction by the Austrian authorities in Lombardy; and it is rumored that the court of Vienna has threatened to send troops into the Papal states, alleging that, if the Pope persists in his popular reforms, it will be almost impossible to prevent an insurrection in Upper Italy. We imagine, however, that whatever remonstrances or threats the Austrian government may use, it will not slightly hazard the peace of Italy and of Europe by an invasion of the Roman territory.” — *Manchester Guardian.*